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Office on Jefferson Street, opposite Court-
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April 23, 1858—1.

FRANKLIN GORIN.

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GORIN & GAZLAY,

Attorneys and Counselors at Law,

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[Aug. 17, 1857—1.]

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Sept. 9, 1857—1.

FRANK BEDFORD,

Attorney at Law,

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Dec. 1, 1857—1.

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[May 23, 1856—1.]

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March 30, 1857—1.

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May 5, 1857—1.

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THE COMMONWEALTH.

My Adventures in Smithburgh.

BY JOHN BRADSHAW.

"Make you a pair before Saturday night, sir," said the shoemaker.

"Can't wait," said I; "going out of town by the next train."

"Oh, well, now I think," replied he, "here is an uncommon nice pair that may be fit. They were made for a gentleman that didn't take 'em: too small across here you see."

"Try 'em on sir? Ah, yes, so so exactly. Why, they fit like—like they'd been made for you."

They did fit tolerably well, so I bought them. In five minutes I was seated aboard the cars in Chatman street, and in half an hour more was steaming and rattling away out of the city, toward my destination. I was going on a collecting expedition to the secluded "little rural paradise," Smithburgh, which, as you are aware, is situated about a hundred miles back of the City Hall, and is about the same number of years behind the metropolis in the "modern improvements." One of the Smithburghers was in debt to my employers, (the great house of Naryred and Company, of whom you have doubtless heard, Pearl street, just below Fulton.) The aforesaid Smithburgher was rumored to be on the eve of "suspension," hence my hurried journey. Be it remembered that these events occurred two years ago, at which era debts were still collectable.

"The shades of night were falling fast" when the train deposited my carpet bag and myself at the Smithburgh station. I was soon ensconced in the tavern; an ambitious wooden structure, very garishly white, and very lavish of piazza without, which qualities were counterbalanced by its being very dirty and very cramped for room within.

When I went over, in the evening, to the store of my delinquent debtor, I did not find him, and a very brief conversation with the people whom I did find served to inform me that I had come on a fruitless errand. He had not only suspended, but had decamped out of Smithburgh into parts unknown. He was a dead loss, so far as Naryred and Company were concerned. All that could be done with him, was to put him down on the debtor side of the profit and loss account. There was nothing for it but to go back.

"And when does the next train go down?" inquired I of mine host at the "Hotel."

"No train down till 11:55 A. M." was the curt response.

Just my luck. No money, no assets, no collection, and now no train. I should have to stay fourteen hours longer in this dismal country town. Tired and very ill humored after nodding an hour over the same paper I had read the day before in town, I took my candle and took myself off to bed.

It must have been near midnight, when I was suddenly roused up by a thundering explosion.

"BANG!"

Bewildered and sleepy I sat up in bed, trying to make out whether Naryred and Company had "burst," and were unable to pay ten cents on the dollar, or whether I was aboard a Mississippi steamer which had "collapsed her side," and was about to be scalded with hot steam; or whether—

"BANG!" suddenly went a second explosion, and I made out to comprehend that something was being fired off under my window.

Jumping up, I rushed to the sash and peered out. Sure enough, there was a crowd of men and boys, gathered round what looked like a dislodged nail ramming it down for a third discharge.

Recovering himself a moment after, the spokesman blandly introduced himself as General Smith, and then proceeded to introduce his townsmen.

"This sir, is Deacon Jones, one of our first men, and a fellow-member of the Committee of Reception, of which I have the honor to be chairman; Dr. Davis, sir, the other member."

The Deacon and the Doctor grasped my hand, until I thought they would never leave off shaking it. Twice did the Deacon open his mouth as in the act to speak; twice were his emotions or his modesty too much for him, and the mouth closed again without utterance. Meanwhile others passed forward to be introduced and shake hands in turn.

"Squire Staples, sir, a great friend of yours, and an original Jackson man from the start; Mr. Tompkins, our clergyman, Reverend Mr. Peterson; Mr. Botts, Mr. Dobson, Mr. McGuire, Judge Jenkins, (one of our first men, sir,) Capt. O'Flynn, of the Smithburgh Guards, Mr. Jacobs, Mr.—(I forgot your name)—ah! Mr. Simkins, a highly respected draper and clothing merchant of our place, sir; not one of our folks politically, but we shall have him one of these days, yet; (a laugh and a significant nod from Mr. Simkins.) Mr. Schnupfus, one of our adopted citizens, and one of our hardest workers, sir—true as steel and regular as election comes round; Mr. Hodges, the editor of the Smithburgh Weekly Messenger."

"My only regret, sir," said this latter luminary, a lean, cadaverous young man, with a strong color of Nonnagahela whisky, "is that I had not known of your arrival earlier, that I might have announced it in an extra this morning."

"It is of no consequence," began I.

"Oh!" said he, interrupting, "you may say that, sir, but I cannot suffer so important an event to pass without an extra. It will come out this afternoon; already in type; goes to press at one o'clock."

"Well, I declare," here broke in General Smith, "if there ain't the postmaster by the going on of the morning. My host met me with a most profound bow, and was deferentially so solicitous about my health. The bar-keeper bowed reverentially when I passed him. The bar-room idlers all respectfully rose to their feet, (staring hard meanwhile,) as I walked through. The chambermaid dropped as many as fifty courtesies, one after another, when I happened to meet her in the hall, and so overwhelmingly civil was everybody that I half imagined I had stepped out of free and easy America into courteous France.

On looking round I perceived the house itself was marvellously changed over night. The scrubbing brush must have been busy since daylight, for the floors were freshly scoured and the windows glistened with polish, while the furniture was "set round" in the primmest kind of order. The landlady, although it was the slatternly hour of eight o'clock in the morning, was arrayed in majestic black silk, and her cap with its multitudinous cherry-colored ribbons, was miraculously to behold. Mine host evidently had on his Sunday black suit, and had thrust himself into a clean shirt, starched to an extent that kept him perpendicular as a grenadier.

It must be, thought I, that this is a country fair day, or perhaps they are going to have a wedding in the house.

"By the way, what was the firing for, last night?" I inquired.

"Oh," a mere six-pounder, sir, but the best we have in Smithburgh. The boys thought they must have it out in honor of your arrival."

"In honor of my arrival!" ejaculated I, taken all aback.

"Yes, your excellency. But breakfast is ready. Will your excellency walk in?"

My arrival! my excellency! I was so astounded at the sudden distinction with which I found myself invested, that I could only mechanically walk in and seat myself at the breakfast table.

Certainly "Hotel" had put forth its most strenuous efforts to get up that breakfast. There were broiled chickens fricassee; there was a huge turkey; there was a roast sirloin of beef; there was a cold leg of mutton, and a hot leg of veal; there were ham and eggs, and ham without eggs; beefsteak, cutlets and chops, cabbages, beets, cauli flowers, tomatoes, and other vegetables, *ad libitum*; sausages, hams, oysters and clams, *ad libitum*; and shad, buckwheat cake, biscuits and Jonny cake, pickles to any extent, pies, cake and sweetmeats, and whatever else it ever entered into the head of a country housewife to put on a breakfast table, and a great deal that never was thought of before for any such purpose. And my solitary chair was the only one seat for this repast! It was appalling.

For attendants I had the landlady and the landlady, the young lady "help," magnificently in ribbons and jewelry, and the bar keeper in blue coat and brass buttons and a great display of wristband. They all four bustled about, running over each other, in their eagerness to serve me, while the host, rubbing his hands and smiling apologetically, remarked:

"Sorry we have nothing better to give you, sir; but your coming so privately, last night took us rather by surprise. Hope you'll be able to make a breakfast, sir."

I ate breakfast in amaze, cogitating whether these extraordinary attentions could be the result

of the wide spread fame of the house of Naryred and Company, or whether I had really achieved a distinguished reputation without being aware of it. At any rate, the breakfast was substantial and no illusion. I inwardly resolved to substantial always patronize his tavern whenever I came to Smithburgh.

Presently I observed indications that I was not only an object of attention but curiosity. Faces, as of persons standing on chairs, appeared behind the three panes of glass over the door, staring at me, at every mouthful I took. When I looked at the faces suddenly ducked out of sight. When I looked after they appeared, or were succeeded by others, staring in turn. The window opening on the street was darkened all at once, and turning round to see the reason, I surprised a crowd of urchins, piled in tiers, flattening their noses against it with intense staring, all of whom vanished as I looked. The landlord, by incantation opening the door which led to the kitchen, caused a sudden rustling and scampering, and a suppressed scream, which led to the irresistible conclusion that he had been taking turns there staring through the key hole.

Breakfast was hardly over, before there came a rap at the door, followed by the announcement that some gentlemen were waiting to pay their respects to me. By this time I was past being astonished at anything, so I unhesitatingly directed them to be shown in. The door was flung open, and in bustled a pompous looking elderly man, in black broadcloth, with a huge gold watch chain dangling from his fob, a gold headed cane in his hand, and a pair of gold spectacles astride his nose. His face was very red, but a stern determination was written on every feature of it. A lank, solemn visaged individual, and another, short, stout, and smiling, followed. Behind them came, I should think, nearly the entire population of the village, of all ages, sorts and sizes, squeezing in so as to completely fill the room, only leaving a respectful circle, about three feet in diameter, in front of me, and every one of them staring at me as hard as he knew how.

Advancing to the verge of this opening in the rents, that they ranged from fifty dollars up to five hundred, or even eight hundred, or nine hundred dollars.

"Yes, so I supposed by what I seen 'eon 'em in the blue book. One of them eight hundred dollar ones would be just the thing for me."

I could not help thinking it would be a long time before he would do business enough to warrant him in renting an eight hundred dollar office. Before the colloquy proceeded further, it was broken off by the landlord's bringing the information that it only wanted fifteen minutes of the time for the down train, and that "they were waiting to escort me to the cars."

Having by this time come to the conclusion that Smithburgh was one vast asylum and all its population lunatics, I submitted resignedly to the programme that seemed marked out for me. I walked out, the crowd within respectfully following, and the crowd without cheering vociferously as I made my appearance.

Captain O'Flynn's Smithburgh Guards were drawn up in a line before the door, in their gaudy uniform of yellow coats with green facings, and blue pantaloons with a red stripe down the side, and were standing in obedience to order, "Present arms!" They wheeled into marching order, the drum and fife struck up "Hail Columbia." General Smith took me by the arm, the other two committee-men divided between the honor of carrying my carpet bag; the citizens paired off by two behind us, and away we marched to the railroad station, a crowd lining the sidewalk, the ladies thronging the windows and waving white handkerchiefs; the crowd cheering; the dogs barking; the little boys with sticks and paper caps marching along side, and General Smith all the way, pouring into my ears the deep gratitude of the town for my visit, the equally deep regret that they had not had time to get up a more befitting "celebration," and urgent entreaties that I repeat the visit "when Congress adjourned."

Arrived at the cars just in season, I parted from my hospitable friends on the platform with more hand shakings, and a whispered entreaty of "Don't forget the office," to the shabby genteel friend; and as the train moved off, ninestenths of the crowd of spectators from the assembled gathering actually drowned the locomotive's whistle.

I had become so used to adulation and admiration by my morning's experience, that I half expected to be greeted with similar demonstrations aboard the train, and half wondered whether the city bells would strike up a peal of welcome in honor of my return, and whether I should find the Common Council and General Sanford, with the first Brigade of N. Y. S. M., awaiting the depot to escort me to the City Hall.

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Captain O'Flynn's Smithburgh Guards were drawn up in a line before the door, in their gaudy uniform of yellow coats with green facings, and blue pantaloons with a red stripe down the side, and were standing in obedience to order, "Present arms!" They wheeled into marching order, the drum and fife struck up "Hail Columbia." General Smith took me by the arm, the other two committee-men divided between the honor of carrying my carpet bag; the citizens paired off by two behind us, and away we marched to the railroad station, a crowd lining the sidewalk, the ladies thronging the windows and waving white handkerchiefs; the crowd cheering; the dogs barking; the little boys with sticks and paper caps marching along side, and General Smith all the way, pouring into my ears the deep gratitude of the town for my visit, the equally deep regret that they had not had time to get up

THE COMMONWEALTH.

FRANKFORT.

THOMAS M. GREEN, Editor.

FRIDAY, JULY 2, 1858.

AUGUST ELECTION, 1858.

FOR CLERK OF THE COURT OF APPEALS,
HON. GEORGE R. MCKEE,
OF FULASKI COUNTY.

COUNTY NOMINATIONS.

FOR SHERIFF,
HARRY I. TODD.

FOR COUNTY COURT JUDGE,
JOHN M. HARLAN.

FOR COUNTY COURT CLERK,
ALEXANDER H. RENNICK.

FOR JAILER,
HARRY R. MILLER.

FOR COUNTY ATTORNEY,
JAMES MONROE.

FOR CORONER,
JOHN R. GRAHAM.

FOR ASSESSOR,
WILLIAM F. PARRENT.

FOR COUNTY SURVEYOR,
WILLIAM E. ARNOLD.

THE denunciation of Crittenden, Marshall and Underwood, of Kentucky, and Bell of Tennessee, by the partisan presses of the Pro-Democratic party, because they exposed the delusion of principle by the Administration, and the abandonment of their own platform, because they would not do an injustice apparently only favorable to the South, is one of those pitiful party tricks that has been practised many times heretofore with as little success as it will meet with now. It is only the yelping of the puppies of the pack in pursuit of public plunder, cheered on by the hounds, expecting to bag the game. Patriotic men are charged with having abandoned the South and having gone over to the Republicans of the North, merely because both are opposed to the policy of the Administration. In this one point only they agree, without abandoning their characteristic differences on other points. The abominable falsehoods of these denouncers have neither the freshness of originality nor the prestige of recent invention. They are in principle nothing but stale repetitions retaining the falsity, the malice, and the asinine stupidity of their prototypes. Had it been thought profitable, instead of denouncing Southern men, the partisan presses would have been barking at Northern men asserting that they had betrayed the North and gone over to the Southern wing of the conservative party; but this would not have furthered their designs. The leaders of the anything-goes party calling themselves Democrats, (God save the mark!) held together by the cohesive power of public plunder, by the silver solder of the treasury, hark on the pack of their presses and occasionally throw them a bone to pick in the shape of public advertising, Penitentiary profits, minor consuls, mail agencies, &c., &c.; and these poor drudges of the press are content to do all this yelping, for very little profit, and an occasional pattering on the back, and the imagined consequence derived from a lavish application of soft soap to their mangy persons.

During the ascendancy of the Episcopalians in the reign of the last Tudors, the Puritans and the Papists were equally proscribed, deprived of the rights of British subjects, imprisoned and put to death. The Puritans and the Papists united, although differing so widely on religious subjects, to put down this cruel persecution and crying injustice. The hounds of the Episcopal pack were instantly on the track of the Puritans yelping—“Papists, Papists.” During the reign of James the Second, when the Papists were in the ascendancy, imprisoning, torturing and putting to death, both Puritans and Episcopalians, the Papist pack yelled out against the Episcopalians, when they united with the Puritans to extinguish the fires of these auto dares—Puritans, Puritans, Cromwellians, and we all know that during the protectorate of Cromwell, when the Puritans were in the ascendancy, and the Episcopalians and Papists united to restrain the ferocity of his iron-clad crew, these growled out against the Episcopalians, “Bloody Papists, Bloody Puritans;” and so at this day the yelpers of the party in power are rapping at the heels of Crittenden Bell, Marshall, and Underwood, snapping at their ankles and snarling out, “Abolitionists, Abolitionists.”

THE We have received the list of premiums to be awarded at the SECOND ANNUAL EXHIBITION of the HENDERSON, HOPKINS AND UNION SCIENTIFIC, HORTICULTURAL, AGRICULTURAL and MECHANICAL ASSOCIATION, to be held near the city of Henderson, to commence on the 5th of October, and continue four days. The premiums are liberal, and the list of Animals, Agricultural, and Mechanical Implements, Crops, &c., &c., for which they are to be awarded is large. We have no doubt the exhibition will be a decidedly successful one. The officers of the association are liberal and intelligent gentlemen, and will do everything in their power to promote the several interests represented in the name of the Association.

The following are the officers of the Association, viz:

PRESIDENT,
JOHN J. TOWLES.

VICE-PRESIDENTS.

WM. S. EJAM, Henderson county.
GEORGE PAYNE, San. Union county.
RICHARD DUNVILLE, Hopkins county.

DIRECTORS—HENDERSON county
D. H. UNSELT, WM. J. MARSHALL,
THOM. McFARLAND, A. J. ANDERSON,
N. D. TERRY, W. T. BARRETT,
Jas. M. TAYLOR, R. H. ALVES,
W. P. SMITH.

Union County.

Geo. M. PROCTOR, CHAS. H. SMITH.
Treasurer—T. J. HOPKINS.
Secretary—W. M. A. HOPKINS.

COL. MARSHALL AT SHELBYVILLE.—The Shelbyville News announces that Col. Marshall will address his fellow-citizens at Shelbyville on the 12th of July.

THE Kentucky Statesman—a leading administrative paper—published in Lexington—has seen fit to leave the broad ground of legitimate discussion in party warfare, and, in its mortification at Mr. Crittenden's reception at Lexington, ceases to assail him for Senatorial conduct, but has the bad taste to attack Mr. Clay's friends for participating in a mark of respect for our distinguished statesman. Lecompton is forgotten in this new field of assault, and, having signally failed in convicting Mr. Crittenden of anything like treason to the South, or disloyalty to truth— to patriotism—or to the Constitution, it now dives down into private life and tries to arouse personal animosities where nothing but feelings of mutual respect are entertained.

The attempt will be as fruitless as it is disreputable. There is no reason on earth why Mr. Clay's peculiar friends should entertain any unkind feelings towards Mr. Crittenden. The slight misunderstanding that existed between Mr. Clay and Mr. Crittenden disappeared when all the circumstances that led to it were explained, and it was a matter of sincere regret to them both that even so partial an alienation had existed.—The two labored together during the entire political career of Mr. Clay in maintaining the same great principles of national policy, and since the death of Mr. Clay those principles still find in Mr. Crittenden their ablest defender. Mr. Clay “lived down calumny.” Who calumniated him? Let those answer who did the deed.

Mr. Crittenden, too, has “lived down calumny,” and may perhaps, like his great friend and peer, in his turn be bewailed in hypocritical lamentations by the very men who now most loudly denounce him. If this onward show of sorrow were the result of repentance for wrongs done to a man in his lifetime, it would be a consoling thought to the slandered to know that even his enemies would have been constrained to be just to him after death. But when it is all done for the sake of the political gain which may be made out of the dead man's bones—any man who values an honorable memory would rather have their unextinguishable abuse than such mockery of funeral sorrow.

It should be remembered too, in this connection, that Mr. Crittenden did not appear in Lexington as a candidate for office. He was returning to his own home after a session of great importance, and one in which he had labored earnestly and zealously for the public welfare, and therefore was entitled to civility from all. He had certainly done nothing that could warrant any one in an endeavor to arraign him. It would have been strange indeed had it been otherwise. Mr. Crittenden is not a candidate for any office. It is his ambition to fill the one he has, to the best of his ability, and to preserve in all things the good name of his country, and especially the honor of his native State. Further than that his ambition does not extend.

THE MATERIAL WHICH MODERN CITIZENS ARE MADE.—The Ulster Press gives the following proceedings lately had before Judge Gould, holding the Circuit Court at Kingston. If all Judges would be as faithful and decide as Judge Gould we should have less cause to complain of the predominance in the cities and large towns, of the Irish Catholic vote over that of Protestant Americans.

On Tuesday evening, two Irishmen presented themselves to the Court and made application for “their papers.” The following interesting conversation took place between the Judge and the two sprightly of the applicants:

Question by the Court—Do you prefer this country to Ireland?

Answer—Yes, ver Honor.

Question—Why?

Answer—Because it is a free country.

Question—Do you know what is the form of our government?

Answer—Union and the people.

Question—Have you read the Constitution of the United States?

Answer—Only a part of the same, ver Honor.

Question—Who makes our laws?

Answer—The people, ver Honor.

Question—The people do indirectly, but who do directly?

Answer—And what's the meaning of directly, may it please ver Honor.

The Court—Expounded the meaning of this ambiguous term, when the Irishman replied: “Yes our laws are made by the *dead* of people.”

Question—Well, what is the meaning of the Constitution of the United States?

Answer—Union, peace, and good will to all men.

The Court—That is Scripture, but it is hardly the Constitution of the United States.

Question—Do you know anything that is contained in the Constitution of the United States?

Answer—No, ver Honor; can't you tell us a little about it, ver Honor?

The Court—It is not my business to explain the Constitution; it is your business to know it when you apply. How do you know but you are swearing to support an instrument that may condemn you to be hung?

Answer—That doesn't look reasonable ver Honor.

The Court—I can't grant your application—Other Courts may do it, but I cannot administer an oath to support the Constitution to one who is as ignorant of it as yourself.

The other Irishman thought he could go through the ordeal, but one question made him think otherwise, and he left with his fellow applicant.

THE A letter has been received here from a gentleman, who occupies an official position at Olympia, Washington Territory, dated May 17, 1858, from which we are permitted to make the following extract:

Rich deposits of gold have been recently discovered on our northern frontier, which is creating a terrible excitement all along the coast, and consequently there is a tremendous rush of emigration from California and Oregon to our beautiful country on the shores of Puget Sound (the prettiest sheet of water in the world) to “go to the mines,” in almost every body's mouth, men, women and children. With a continuation of the present tide of emigration we shall yet be a state almost as soon as Oregon who has already applied for “admission.”

THE We would call the attention of Teachers, and others interested, to the notice in another column, of the meeting of the “Kentucky Association of Teachers” to take place in Lexington on the 6th instant.

A small party in California recently filled two quartz measures with pure gold dust by five days' labor—Exchange.

Those two measures were the best specimens of gold bearing quartz that we have heard of.

Keep your temper in disputes. The cool hammer fashions the red hot iron into any shape needed.

THE OVERFLOWS—PROBABLE DAMAGES TO THE COTTON AND SUGAR CROPS.—The writer of the money articles in the New Orleans Picayune in that paper of Thursday last says:

Conversation at the various corners was pretty active, the chief topic being the overflow and the probable losses it may engender. On this subject opinions are very wide apart, and likely to continue so until the incoming of the crop shall determine the real amount of injury. With regard to sugar, it seems to be generally conceded that the crop will eventually sum up \$6,000, to \$7,000 bbls., probably the latter. So far as cotton is concerned, the damage cannot be arrived at with the same degree of accuracy. Some go so far as to assert that the injury will scarcely amount to a pin's point on the crop. But this is mere assertion. Others, whose sources of information are credible and trustworthy, estimate the harm at 200,000 bales as a minimum, while others again, possessing the same advantages, put it down at 300,000 bales and even more. In the meanwhile, it is satisfactory to know that the remainder of the crop, with casual exceptions, is progressing well, and that the prospects are quite as good as they were the year before last at this time, the period of blooming being more over identical with the present season, say the 1st to the 4th of June. Indeed, thus far, the weather corresponds pretty much with that year; but it is to be hoped that the analogy may here cease, since the yield turned out to be short. So true it is that we are now entering on the critical period of the growing season, and that the fair estimate may be broken by the numberless calamities to which the plant is yet exposed.

The year before last we had no overflow or frost after the 3d of March and cotton bloomed on the 4th of June. Nevertheless, the growth only reached 2,940,000 bales. We had frost on the 16th of October, nine days earlier than the average. Last year the first frost took place on the 20th of November, twenty six days later than the average (estimated over a period of thirty years,) and the result is an increase of 150,000 bales over the previous product. With the exception, therefore, of such incidental allusions as the case may require, we may as well take leave of the crop subject for the next sixty days. In the meanwhile our circular-writing friends will attend to the matter, though we would caution them not to express opinions too hastily until they have ascertained what New York thinks.

From the Atlanta (Ga.) American.

SCHEMES OF THE SOUTHERN DISMISSEES.

Letter from Hon. W. L. YANCEY.

MONTEGOMERY, June 18, 1858.

DEAR SIR:—Your kind favor of the 14th is received.

I heartily agree with you that a general movement can be made that will clean out the Augean Stable. If the Democracy were overthrown, it would result in giving place to a greater and more honest and zealous party.

The remedy of the South is not in such a process.

It is in a diligent organization of her true men for prompt resistance to the next aggression.

It must come, in the nature of things.

No National Party can save us; no Sectional Party can do it. But if we could do as our fathers did, organize Committees of Safety all over the Cotton States, and it is only in them that we can hope for any effective movement we shall have the Southern heart—instinct the Southern mind—give courage to each other, and at the proper moment, by one organized, concerted action, we can precipitate the Cotton States into a revolution.

The idea has been shadowed forth in the South by Mr. Ruoff—he has been taken up and recommended in the Advertiser, under the name of “League of United Southerners,” who, keeping up their old party relations on all other questions, will hold the Southern issue paramount, and will influence parties, legislatures, and statesmen. I have no time to enlarge; but suggest merely

In haste, yours, &c.,

W. L. YANCEY

To JAMES S. SLAUGHTER, Esq.

From the Bloomington (Ill.) Pantagraph.

A Noble Deed.

Mrs. Caroline C. Stranburg, wife of P. F. Stranburg, of this city, was a passenger on the Pennsylvanian, which was burned to the water's edge, Memph. on Sunday morning, 12th inst. Mrs. S. left her just before the explosion took place; and when she heard the report, which shook every timber in the boat, she caught hold of her little child, which was only two months old, and rushed into the ladies' cabin at the very moment that a large piece of machinery came crashing through the floor. She ran to the captain's room and told him that the boat was on fire, but he said she was mistaken, and advised her to be calm. She said she was not mistaken, and her manner was so earnest that the captain, thinking she might be correct, went down to the boiler deck. He returned in a short time, and remarked to Mrs. S., “There is no danger now—the fire has been subdued.” Mrs. S. however, would not be convinced; she insisted that the boat was in flames, and told the captain to make preparations for saving the passengers. As she finished speaking the flames broke through the cabin floor, and in less than a minute the cabin was filled with smoke. She saw that the time for action had arrived, and she knew that her life and that of her child depended upon her own exertions; so she went down the private staircase, and was fortunate enough to reach the boiler deck in safety. Knowing that she would perish by fire if she stood on the boat, she determined to leave it and run the risk of meeting her death by another method. She accordingly seized a board about seven feet long and eight or ten inches wide, and, grasping her child with one arm and the board with the other, plunged into the river.

The current, owing to the high stage of water, was very rapid, and Mrs. S. had as much as she could do to keep herself and child above the surface; but she proved equal to the dangerous situation in which she was placed, and her perilous journey down the river would not have been attended with half the danger that it was, if her unselfish heart had not prompted her to save a man who was unable to save himself. A short time after leaving the boat, she saw a man struggling in the water, and she knew from his movements that he was too much exhausted to save himself from going to the bottom; so she grasped him by the arm, at the risk of being pulled from her frail support, and assisted him in getting upon a little piece of plank that was hardly sufficient to keep herself and child above the surface of the water.

When the man who was rescued was Mrs. Stranburg, placed his hand upon her shoulder, and said, “Thank you, my dear.”

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